

2001: A SPACE
ODYSSEY™

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BASED ON CONCEPTS
FROM THE MGM
STANLEY KUBRICK
PRODUCTION

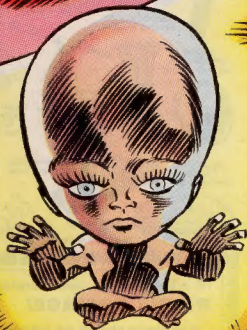


BEGIN A NEW JOURNEY TO THE STARS-AND BEYOND!!

2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY™

AT LAST! THE MOST FANTASTIC
REVELATION OF THEM ALL!

THE NEW SEED!



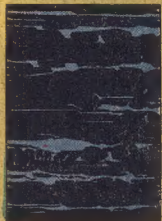
SPAWNED BY THE
MONOLITH, IS IT
SAVIOR-- OR
DESTROYER?!

STAN LEE PRESENTS:

2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY™

BASED ON CONCEPTS OF THE MGM MOVIE BY STANLEY KUBRICK AND ARTHUR C. CLARKE

EDITED, WRITTEN, AND DRAWN BY **JACK KIRBY** • LETTERED AND INKED BY **MICHAEL ROYER** • COLORED BY **G. ROUSSOS** • ADMIRER BY **ARCHIE GOODWIN**



WHAT IS THE MONOLITH? A SLAB OF STONE--? THE TOOL OF AN ALIEN INTELLIGENCE--? THE ALIEN ITSELF?

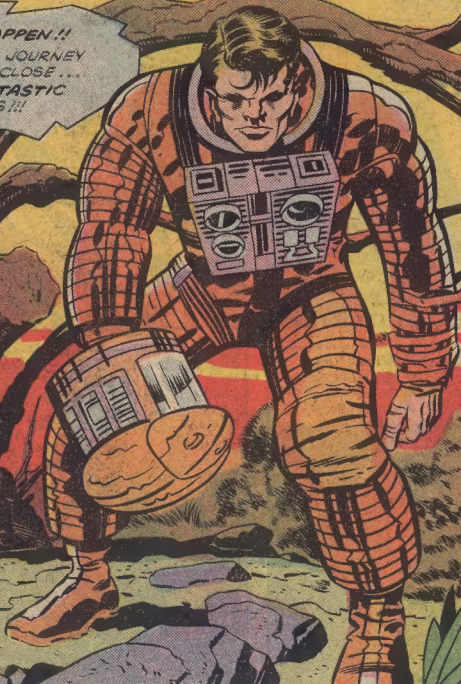
WHAT IS MAN? IS HE A MORTAL SHELL IN THE GREAT UNIVERSAL DESIGN--? OR A CREATURE ON A JOURNEY BEYOND HIS OWN WILDEST IMAGINATION?

THE ANSWER CAN ONLY COME WHEN THESE TWO MOST EXTRAORDINARY FORCES MEET TO CREATE...

the

NEW SEED!

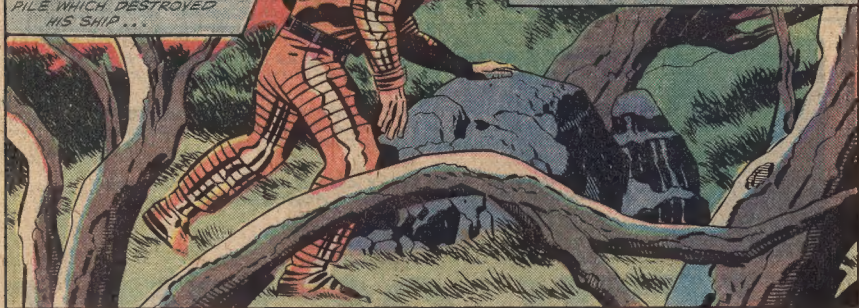
SEE IT HAPPEN!!
AS THIS MAN'S JOURNEY
DRAWS TO ITS CLOSE...
A MORE FANTASTIC
TRIP BEGINS!!!



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GORDON PRUETT IS **TOTALLY** UNWARE OF WHO HE IS, OR WHERE HE'S BEEN. HE REMEMBERS NOTHING OF THE **ACCIDENT** IN SPACE-- THE ERUPTION OF THE ATOMIC PILE WHICH DESTROYED HIS SHIP...

THERE IS NO MEMORY OF THE **BLINDING FLASH**-- NO MEMORY OF HIS FELLOW ASTRONAUTS WHO DIED IN THE **BLAST**-- NO THOUGHT OF THE **DESTINY** WHICH PLACED HIM BEYOND THE SHIP WHEN IT OCCURRED...



FLUNG LIKE A TOY INTO THE **STAR FIELDS**, PRUETT HAS BEEN TRAUMATIZED BY THE **TERROR** OF HIS ORDEAL. HE DOESN'T EVEN REALIZE THAT HIS BULKY SPACE-SUIT HAS BEEN REPLACED BY EARTHLY **OUTDOOR CLOTHES**...



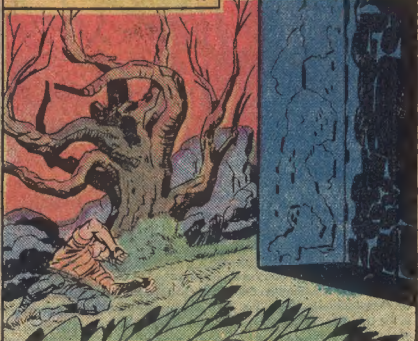
HOW PRUETT LOVES THE COOL GREEN FOREST LANDSCAPES OF HIS NATIVE COLORADO. THAT IS WHY HE IS CALM IN THIS PLACE--**SECURE**-- CONTENT, AND UNAWARE OF HOW HE CAME TO IT...



THE MIRACLE OF WHAT HAS HAPPENED, AND WHAT IS YET TO HAPPEN, IS **LOST** UPON PRUETT. FATIGUE GROWS STRONGER IN HIS BODY. HE IS **AGING** RAPIDLY, WITH EVERY PASSING SECOND...



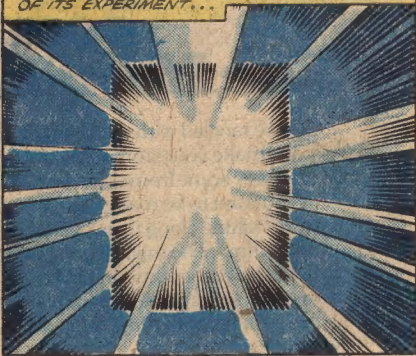
THE NEED FOR A LONG REST STEALS OVER HIM AS HE SEEKS THE COMFORT OF THE SOFT GRASSY CARPET. IT IS THEN THAT THE MONOLITH APPEARS...



AN ALIEN MYSTERY FROM THE OUTER REACHES OF SPACE AND TIME, THE MONOLITH HAS BEEN A SILENT WITNESS TO PRUETT'S ADVENTURE-- AND HIS SHEPHERD TO THIS PLACE OF SAFETY...



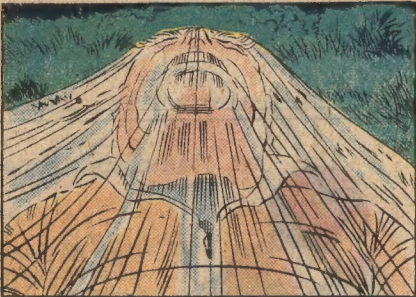
MORE THAN THAT, THE MONOLITH IS THE CREATOR OF THIS HAVEN--HAVING PREPARED IT WITH MASTERFUL SKILL, TO CONTAIN THE SUBJECT OF ITS EXPERIMENT...



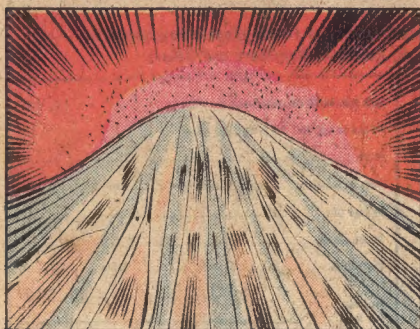
THE PURPOSE IS TO USE THE MATERIAL THAT IS HUMAN AND TO EXPLOIT IT TO ITS FULLEST POTENTIAL-- TO CHANGE IT SO THAT IT CAN EXIST ON A LEVEL THAT IT COULD NOT HAVE ATTAINED IN ITS NORMAL FORM...



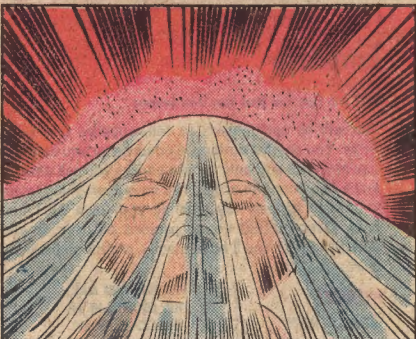
PRUETT HAS PASSED ON PEACEFULLY. OLD AGE HAS OVERTAKEN HIM IN A MATTER OF MINUTES--AND WHAT REMAINS OF HIM IS SOON COVERED WITH A GOSSAMER WEB OF ATOMIC PARTICLES...



BENEATH THE THICKENING FILM, THE CHANGE IS TAKING PLACE. THE TIMELESS SONG OF DANCING ATOMS HERALDS THE ARRIVAL OF ANOTHER LIFE...



THE FILM GROWS TRANSPARENT ONCE MORE AND REVEALS TO THE MONOLITH A MOST SUCCESSFUL EFFORT--THE NEW SEED!!



THE NEW SEED STIRS. IT LIVES. IT NO LONGER NEEDS THE ENVIRONMENT MEANT FOR PRUETT. WHEN THE MONOLITH ACTS, THE HAVEN VANISHES, AND ONLY THE STARS REMAIN...



HERE IN SPACE IS THE ELEMENT THAT NOURISHES THE SEED. HERE IT WILL EXERCISE ALL ITS POWER AND WISDOM. FROM ITS PROTECTIVE NIMBUS, IT LOOKS OUT UPON THE UNIVERSE-- ITS HOME...



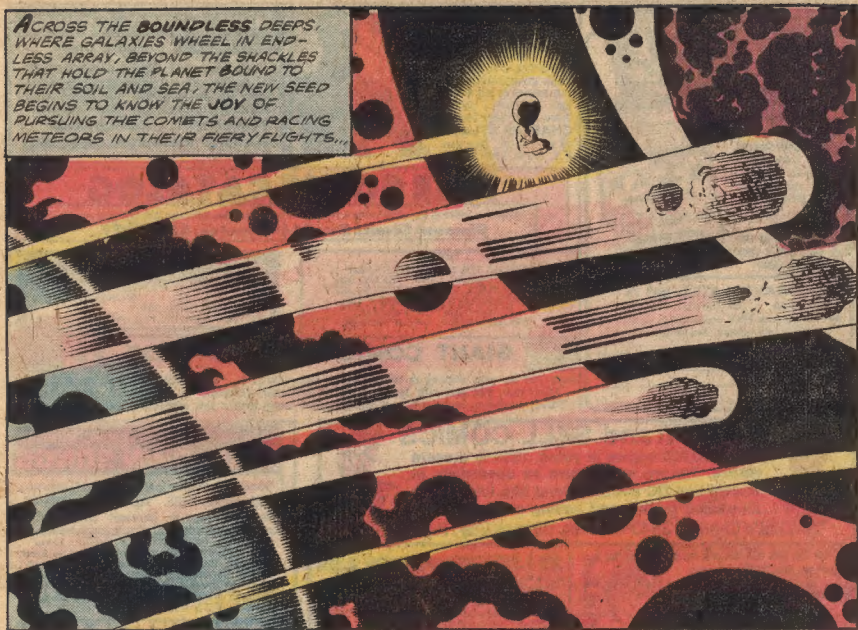
THEN, THE NEW SEED TAKES FLIGHT. IT SPIRALS HAPPILY AROUND THE MONOLITH IN FINAL COMMUNICATION WITH THE OBJECT THAT BROUGHT IT INTO BEING...



THE ACT OF DEPARTURE IS SUDDEN AND SWIFT. THE MONOLITH HANGS IMMOBILE AGAINST THE STARS AS ITS CREATURE STREAKS OFF...



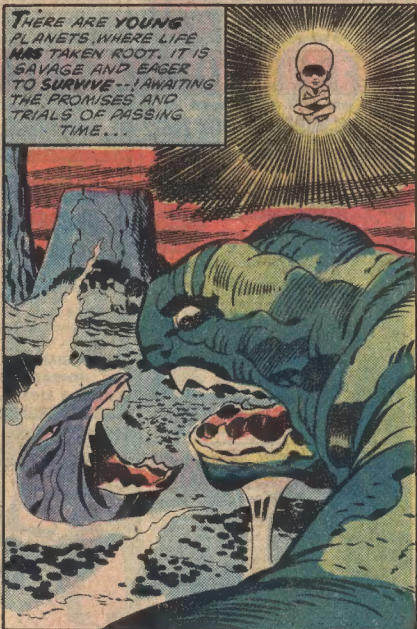
ACROSS THE BOUNDLESS DEEPS,
WHERE GALAXIES WHEEL IN END-
LESS ARRAY, BEYOND THE SHACKLES
THAT HOLD THE PLANET BOUND TO
THEIR SOIL AND SEA, THE NEW SEED
BEGINS TO KNOW THE JOY OF
PURSUING THE COMETS AND RACING
METEORS IN THEIR FIERY FLIGHTS...



IN ITS JOURNEY, THE NEW SEED TOUCHES
WORLDS OF UNTOLD AGE--COLD AND SAD
AND BARREN OF THE FRUIT OF LIFE...



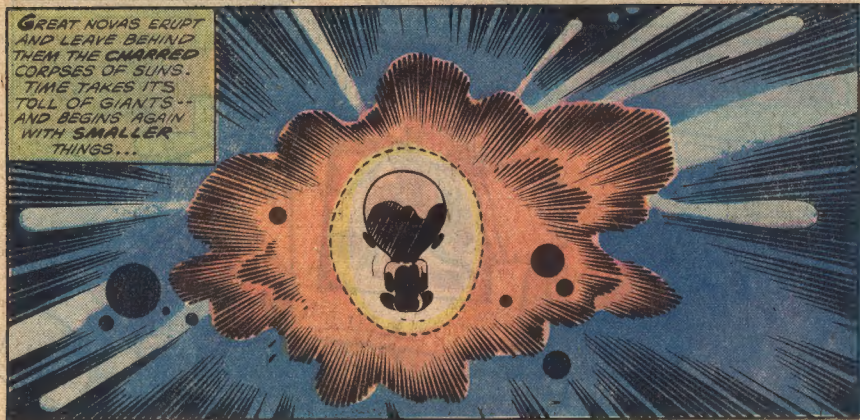
THERE ARE YOUNG
PLANETS, WHERE LIFE
HAS TAKEN ROOT. IT IS
SAVAGE AND EAGER
TO SURVIVE--AWAITING
THE PROMISES AND
TRIALS OF PASSING
TIME...



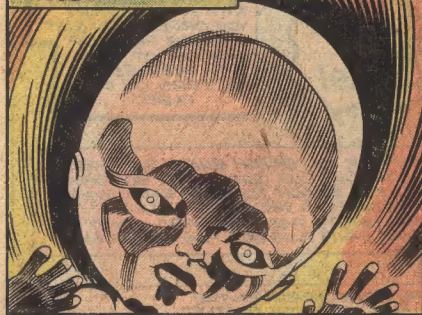
THERE ARE ALSO PLACES WHERE THE
TECHNOLOGY REIGNS SUPREME! WORLD
LINKED WITH WORLD BY MECHANISMS OF
STAGGERING ACCOMPLISHMENTS!!
THE NEW SEED LOOKS UPON
CIVILIZATIONS THAT DWARF
THE STAR SYSTEMS WHICH
SPAWNED THEM...



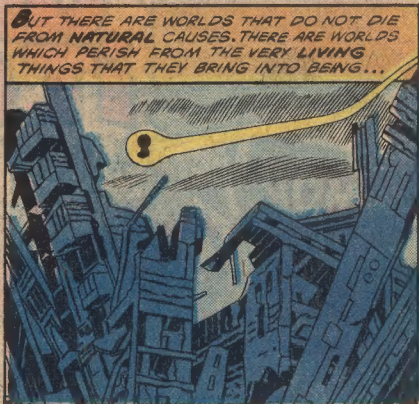
GREAT NOVAS ERUPT
AND LEAVE BEHIND
THEM THE CHARRED
CORPSES OF SUNS.
TIME TAKES ITS
TOLL OF GIANTS--
AND BEGINS AGAIN
WITH SMALLER
THINGS...



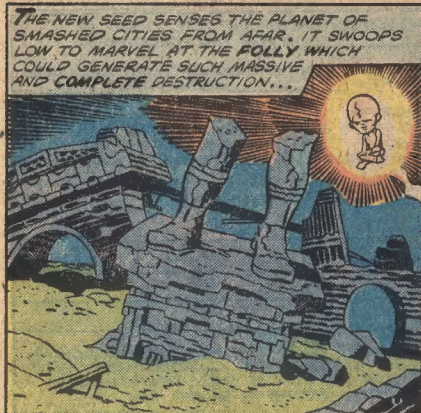
THE UNIVERSE SEEMS TO BE A VAST SELF-
REPLENISHING STRUCTURE THAT LIVES AND
BREATHES ACCORDING TO ITS OWN RHYTHM.
THE NEW SEED LEARNS QUICKLY AND CON-
TINUES ITS JOURNEY.



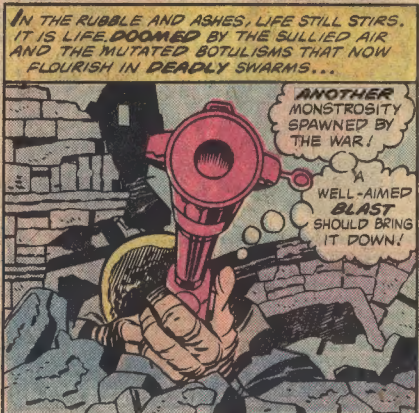
BUT THERE ARE WORLDS THAT DO NOT DIE
FROM NATURAL CAUSES. THERE ARE WORLDS
WHICH PERISH FROM THE VERY LIVING
THINGS THAT THEY BRING INTO BEING...



THE NEW SEED SENSES THE PLANET OF
SMASHED CITIES FROM AFAR. IT SWOOPS
LOW TO MARVEL AT THE FOLLY WHICH
COULD GENERATE SUCH MASSIVE
AND COMPLETE DESTRUCTION...



IN THE RUBBLE AND ASHES, LIFE STILL STIRS.
IT IS LIFE, DOOMED BY THE SULLIED AIR
AND THE MUTATED BOTULISMS THAT NOW
FLOURISH IN DEADLY SWARMS...



THE RIFLE TRAINED ON THE NEW SEED
SUDDENLY BURSTS INTO FLAME!

AAAA-!!

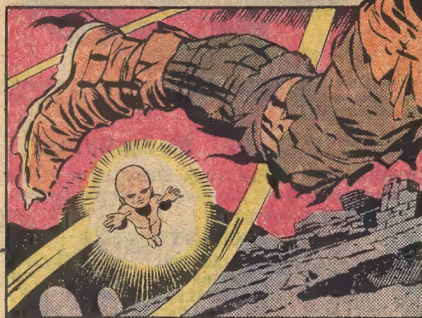


THIS IS NO ACT OF SELF-DEFENSE--
BUT A MEANS OF **RESTRAINING**
THE CREATURE FROM
UNNECESSARY
VIOLENCE!

I-IT'S A
LIVING
FLAME-THROWER!
I HAVEN'T
GOT A CHANCE!

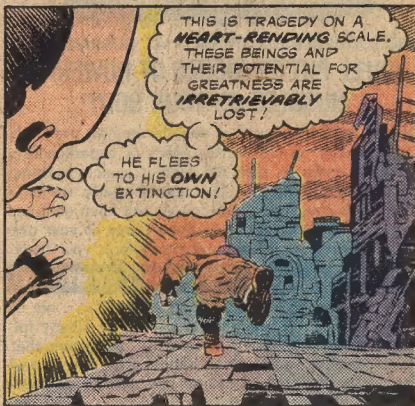


FEAR AND DESPERATION IS NOW THE WAY OF
LIFE FOR THIS PLANET'S REMAINING INHABITANTS.
WHEN DEFEATED, THEY FLEE TO PRESERVE
WHAT FEW DAYS ARE LEFT TO THEM...

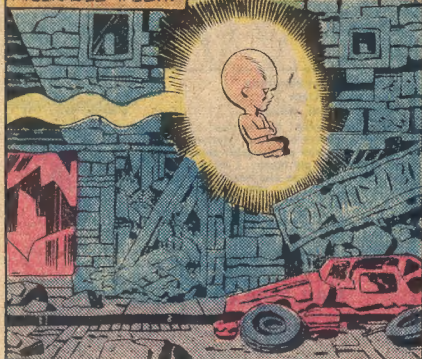


THIS IS TRAGEDY ON A
HEART-RENDING SCALE.
THESE BEINGS AND
THEIR POTENTIAL FOR
GREATNESS ARE
IRRETRIEVABLY
LOST!

HE FLEES
TO HIS OWN
EXTINCTION!



AS THE NEW SEED PROCEEDS ON TO FURTHER
STUDY, THE SHATTERED STREETS UNFOLD THE
MISERABLE TALE...



THE ULTIMATE WAR HAS CLAIMED ITS ULTIMATE
VICTIM!--THE PLANET ITSELF! IT'S SUP-
PORT OF LIFE IS DWINDLING RAPIDLY. WHAT
LURKS IN THE RUINS LIVES ON BORROWED
TIME...

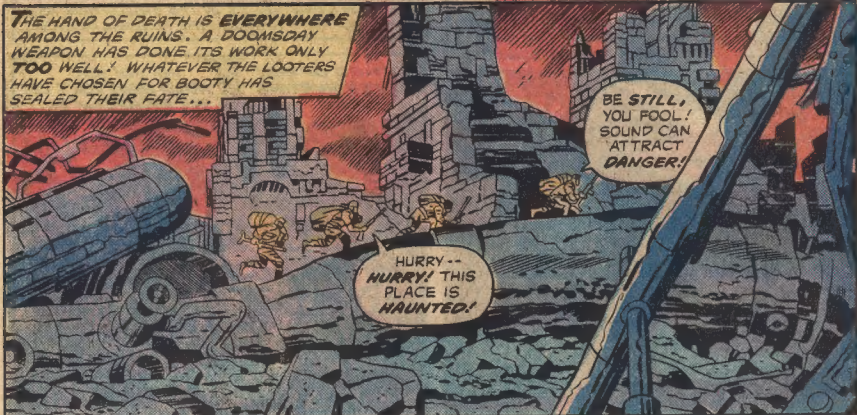
DO YOU SEE
THAT THING?
W-WHAT IS
IT?!

WHO KNOWS!
WHO
CARES
?!!

YEAH!
LET'S
PICK UP
OUR LOOT
AN' GET
OUTTA HERE!



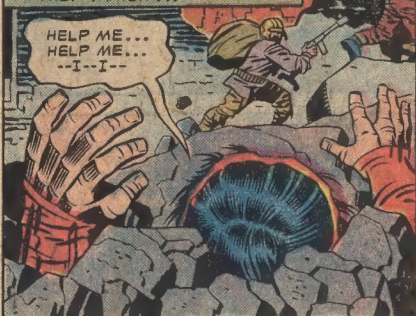
THE HAND OF DEATH IS EVERYWHERE AMONG THE RUINS. A DOOMSDAY WEAPON HAS DONE ITS WORK ONLY TOO WELL! WHATEVER THE LOOTERS HAVE CHOSEN FOR BOOTY HAS SEALED THEIR FATE...



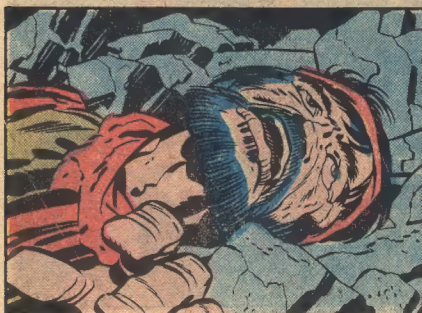
BUT DANGER HAS BEEN WITH THE LOOTERS FROM THE START...



WITH NO SIGN OF COMPASSION, THE LOOTERS LEAVE THEIR STRICKEN COMPANION BEHIND. HIS FEVERED PLEAS FADE TO A WHISPER AS THEY VANISH...



SLOWLY, INEVITABLY, THE FATAL INFECTION EXPANDS AND DEVOURS ITS HOST, UNTIL HIS HUSK IS ADDED TO THE HEAP OF EMPTY SHELLS THAT LIE BENEATH THE LOW DUSTY CLOUDS WHICH DRIFT ACROSS THE SKY...



IF THERE IS PAIN OR GRIEF AT THE SCENE, ONLY THE NEW SEED CAN ATTEST TO IT-- FOR THE SPECTATOR ETERNALLY FEELS WHAT THE PARTICIPANT CANNOT...



THIS COULD BE EARTH, OR ONE OF A **THOUSAND** OF ITS COUNTERPARTS -- THE NAME IS INCIDENTAL TO THE DEED. WAR HAS FASHIONED THE ONLY LABEL IT WILL EVER BEAR-- **DAMNATION!**



THE NEW SEED HALTS IN ITS EVALUATION AS A SHRILL CRY RIPS THROUGH THE FUNERAL SILENCE...



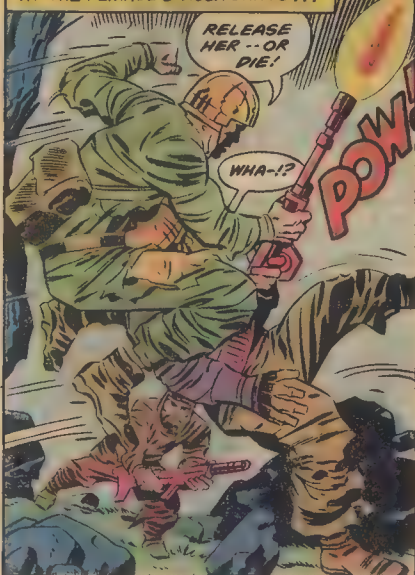
UGH!! THE SHE-DEVIL STRUGGLES LIKE A **CRAZED** ANIMAL!

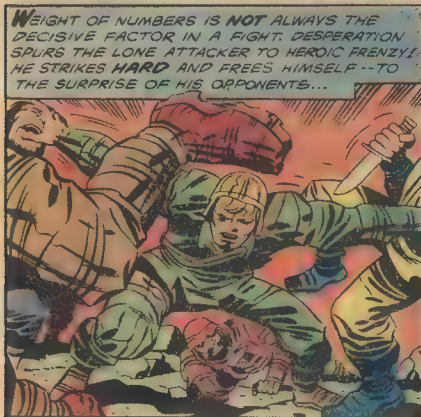
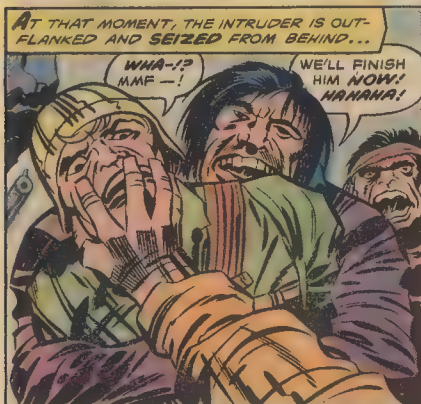
WE'LL CALM HER DOWN! A FEW **HARD** CUFFS SHOULD HAVE HER BEGGIN' FOR **MERCY** IN SHORT ORDER!

NO! NO!



SUDDENLY, A NEW COMBATANT LEAPS FROM CONCEALMENT AND HURLS HIMSELF **SAVAGELY** AT THE FEMALE'S ASSAILANTS...





THEN, LIKE A SERPENT, HIS HAND FLASHES INTO VIEW AND HURLS A GRENADE AT HIS ADVERSARY...

LOOK OUT--!

RUN!

YOU MAY RUN, SWINE! --BUT YOU WON'T GO FAR!!

THE ENEMY STARES IN HORROR FOR A BRIEF HEARTBEAT AT THE EGG-SHAPED OBJECT IN ITS DEADLY ARC. SUDDENLY, THEY TURN AND FLEE TO ESCAPE...

I-IT'S TOO LATE! HIT THE DIRT!

DO AS YOU LIKE! I'M MAKING TRACKS!

OUT OF MY WAY!

ESCAPE IS FUTILE! THE GRENADE EXPLODES IN THE MIDST OF THE GROUP!

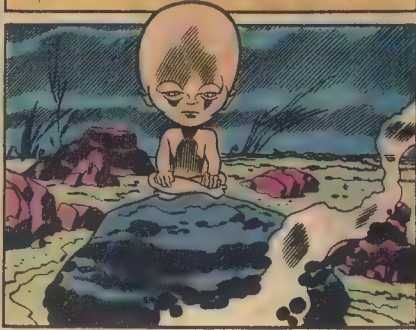
BLAAMM!!

AAAA--!!

ANOTHER MISSILE SWIFTLY FOLLOWS THE FIRST--AND...

TZOW!

VIOLENCE BEGETS GREATER VIOLENCE, AND IN EVER MOUNTING FURY, BLOSSOMS LIKE A DEATH-FLOWER UNTIL IT FINALLY ENGULFS A WORLD. THUS, THE NEW SEED WITNESSES THE SAD HISTORY OF THIS PLANET...





IT IS FAR EASIER TO STOP THE RISING SUN, THAN HATRED UN-LEASHED! IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO STAY THE HAND WHICH HOLDS VICTORY IN ITS CLENCHED FIST...

NO!
NO--!!



IN THIS PLACE THERE IS NOTHING MORE CERTAIN THAN A MISERABLE END...

UGH--!



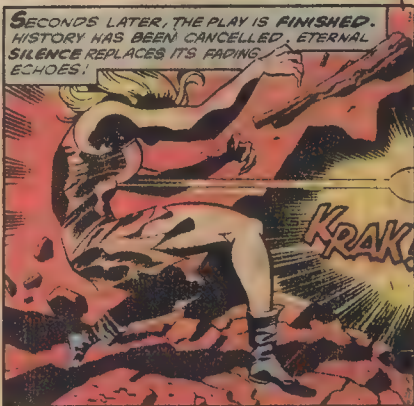
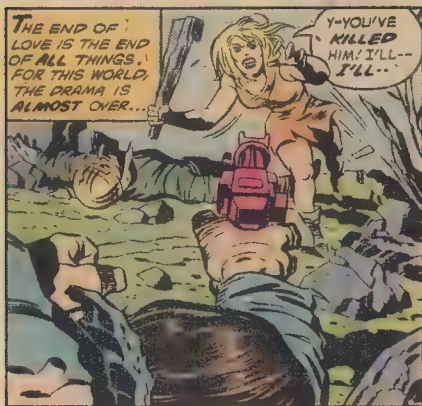
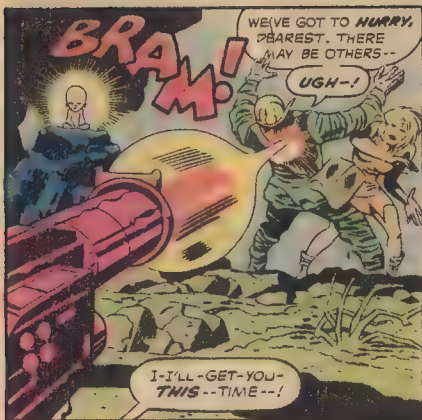
AND YET, THERE HAS BEEN LOVE HERE... AND THE STEEL WILL TO PROTECT IT--THE VAIN HOPE OF NURTURING IT IN THE LAST AGONIES OF A SUICIDAL WORLD.

Y-YOU'RE UNARMED!
I THANK THE FATES FOR THAT--!

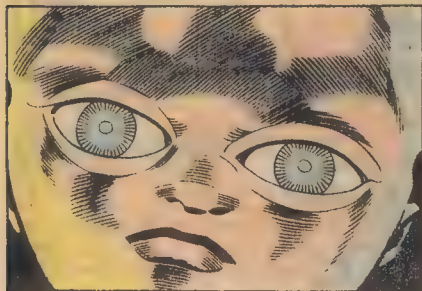
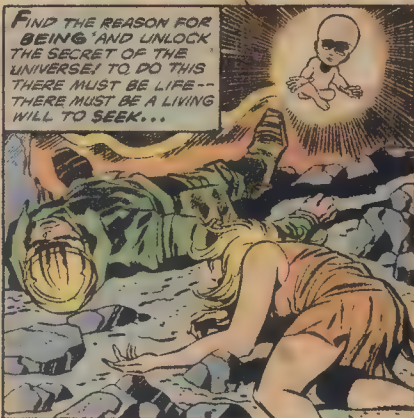
NEVER LEAVE ME AGAIN.
I WANT TO BE AT YOUR SIDE, ALWAYS!

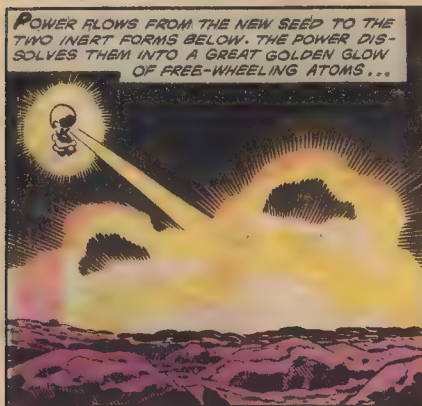
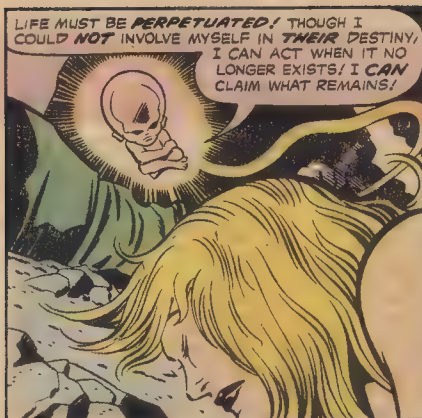


BUT IT IS MUCH TOO LATE FOR WHAT WAS GOOD ON THIS PLANET. DEATH IS NOW THE MASTER HERE! HE RULES BY "RIGHT OF HOLOCAUST!" THOSE ON THE POINT OF DYING OBEY HIS WHIMS WITH THEIR FINAL BREATH...

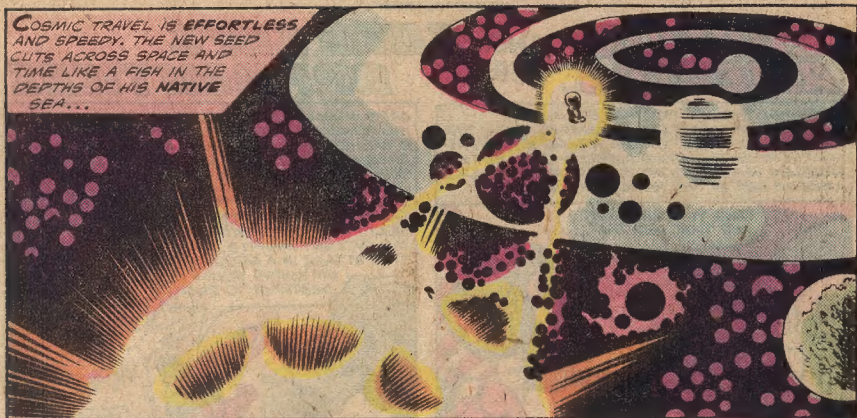


IS THIS THE UNIVERSAL WILL? DOES LIFE STRUGGLE TO EVOLVE, AND RACE MADLY TO A CUT-OFF POINT? IT CANNOT BE SO... IT CANNOT BE A PROCESS WITHOUT REASON... NO MORE THAN THE NEW SEED CAN EXIST WITHOUT REASON...

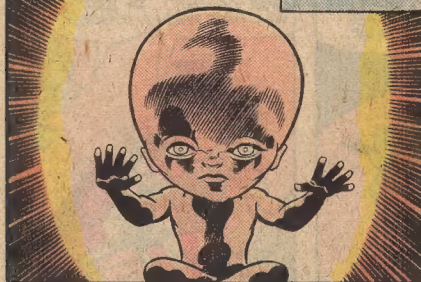




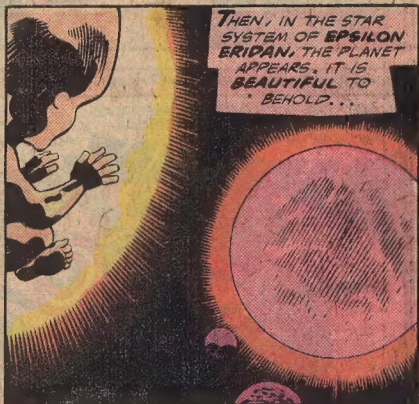
COSMIC TRAVEL IS EFFORTLESS
AND SPEEDY. THE NEW SEED
CUTS ACROSS SPACE AND
TIME LIKE A FISH IN THE
DEPTHS OF HIS NATIVE
SEA...



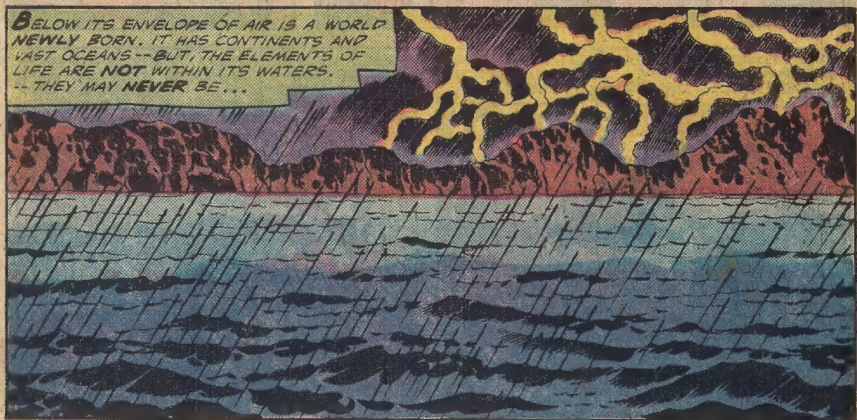
IT HAS SEEN PLANETS WHERE LIFE HAS FLED.
IT HAS SEEN PLANETS WHERE LIFE **STILL**
THRIVES. IT HAS TOUCHED PLACES MUCH TOO
NOSTILE FOR LIFE... AND YET IT EXPLORES
ALL POSSIBILITIES FOR THE WORLD IT **MUST**
FIND. IT IS THERE--THE NEW SEED CAN
SENSE IT...



THEN, IN THE STAR
SYSTEM OF EPSILON
ERIDAN, THE PLANET
APPEARS. IT IS
BEAUTIFUL TO
BEHOLD...



BELOW ITS ENVELOPE OF AIR IS A WORLD
NEWLY BORN. IT HAS CONTINENTS AND
VAST OCEANS--BUT, THE ELEMENTS OF
LIFE ARE NOT WITHIN ITS WATERS.
--THEY MAY **NEVER** BE...



THE MOMENT HAS COME FOR THE NEW SEED TO EJECT ITS BURDEN. IT DRIFTS DOWN LIKE A GOLDEN STAR FROM THE DARK HEAVENS...



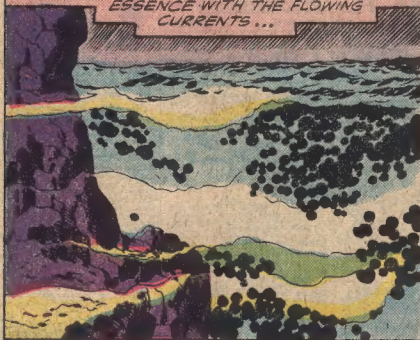
IT TOUCHES THE STERILE WATERS AND CONTINUES TO DESCEND, SOMEWHERE WITHIN ITS GOLDEN CORE, THE ATOMIC PARTICLES BUZZ HAPPILY--FAT AND VITAL WITH THE ELEMENTS OF LIFE...



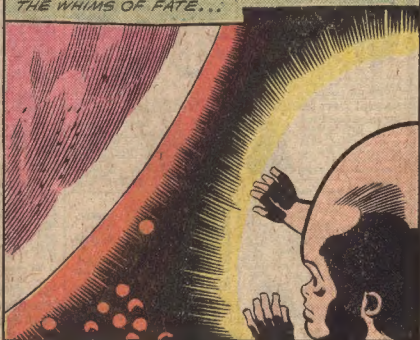
DESTINY IS IN THE MAKING ONCE MORE, AS THE OBJECT SUBMERGES. ITS RAYS FLARE BRIGHTLY BEFORE IT VANISHES.



BENEATH THE OCEAN'S SURFACE, THE OBJECT BECOMES A GREAT GLOWING CLOUD WHICH RAPIDLY EXPANDS AND MINGLES ITS ESSENCE WITH THE FLOWING CURRENTS...



A QUEST IS FULFILLED... A MISSION COMPLETED. A BILLION YEARS WILL PASS BEFORE LOVERS MAY LIVE AGAIN TO TEST THE WHIMS OF FATE...



PERHAPS HERE, A WAY OF BEING MAY FIND THE WHY OF BEING...



UNTIL THEN, THE NEW SEED DECIDES TO SEEK THE ANSWER HIMSELF. WHAT IF IT TURNED OUT TO BE MERELY--SIMPLE!!



OKAY... NOW YOU'VE MET A NEW SEED! "SO, WHAT ELSE IS THERE?" YOU ASK! ARE YOU KIDDING, BUSTER? ASK YOUR DEALER, NEXT MONTH, FOR:

THE CAPTURE OF X-51

MONOLITH MAIL

16 MARVEL COMICS GROUP, 575 MADISON AVE. N.Y.C. 10022

Dear Jack,

2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY #3 (was great; I've never read anything like it!) After reading #1, I thought you might have a good thing going; then, after reading #2, I thought the series was finished for sure. Now, with #3, I think you've got a great thing going!

I haven't read a comic book as good as #3 in a year! Marak was perfect for his part, and I can't wait to see his further adventures next issue. As a matter of fact, if you keep writing the rest of your stories like you wrote this one, 2001 may become my second favorite comic...next to ETERNALS.

Michael Chisholm
161 Moon Meadow Lane
Felton, CA 95018

Dear Jack,

I was glad to hear (in your reply to my letter) that 2001 is separate from the Marvel Universe.

This title is quite different from any other book that I know. Instead of following a singular hero (super or otherwise) or a group of characters (Eternals, Inhumans, X-Men), you are following the basic premise that mankind has been guided from its conception until beyond the present date. It will be interesting to see the development of such a book...and whether such a novel concept can succeed.

Please be careful in the telling of your stories. When reading issue #3, it was far too easy to form a false impression about Egge's club being other than what it was. From the way it disintegrated Marak's axe and that rock, I came to the mistaken conclusion that it was some sort of energy weapon. Jack, since you are both artist and writer, you may be leaving out some facts that should be noted because you know them already. With all tasks in one set of hands, you lose the value of having meetings between minds. You lose the vital point of having to explain your ideas, and of having someone else point out to you where they might not be clear.

One thing I do not want touched upon in the future of this book is the source and origin of the Monoliths. Please, let that be. A great mystery never to be resolved is at times better than any solution could be.

Berk Enwald
80 Van Cortlandt Park South
Bronx, NY 10463

Dear Jack,

Marak the Merciless. So what? The idea of the Monolith giving mankind all of its knowledge is pretty poor, and so is the idea that anyone should glorify war the way 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY #3 seemed to do.

Sam Hays
109B Chapman Hall, Adelphi University
Garden City, NY 11530

We would agree with you, Sam, that to glorify war is irresponsible and quite possibly suicidal in the long run. However, to deny that such attitudes exist is another thing entirely. Often, to tell a story, a writer or artist (or, in this case, a writer/artist) has to convincingly present viewpoints which characters in the drama may possess, but which are not necessarily the viewpoints of the person telling the story. We hope you understand the difference, Sam. Marak may glorify war; Jack may not agree. But it is a poor storyteller, indeed, who foists his opinions upon each and every one of his characters.

Nuff said?

Dear Jack,

Something has got to be done about 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY! It has become boring!! I never thought I'd hear myself say that about a Marvel comic, but it's true.

The one thing that makes it that way is the plot. There is no difference between issues. This is basically it: Past. Monolith appears, changing the main character. Abrupt change to future. Descendant of past character is in some sort of danger. Monolith appears and descendant leaps, falls, or is drawn into it in some way, beholding the wonders of the universe. He/she is then put into a special environment created for him/her by the Monolith. Descendant falls into a deep sleep and ages rapidly. He/she is then covered by a thin membrane, transformed into an embryo, and sent put into space. End of story.

In issue #3's 3 and 4, you devoted one-and-a-half issues to the past and only half an issue to the future. There was one difference in the plot: The character did not age.

Let me say that 2001 is on a type of probation. For three more issues I will continue to buy this book. If the plot does not change, I will no longer buy it. Don't get me wrong, the Treasury was fantastic! So is the comic, artwise. The art is the best part of it. But the story is too much the same from issue to issue.

Mike White
3650 Juanita Avenue
Pensacola, FL 32504

A subject of frequent discussion among the multifarious members of the Mighty Marvel Bullpen, Mike, is quite closely related to your complaints about 2001. The serial nature of our storylines has its benefits and drawbacks. The fact that most of our comics appear either monthly or bimonthly, but are in fact rarely self-contained stories entirely capable of standing separately, is a function of the complexity and characterization readers have come to expect of Marvel. Many of our finest works have been multi-part stories best read in a single sitting; unfortunately, each individual part must appear on its own at the newsstand, and more-or-less stand or fall on its own merits, regardless of the fact that it may be part of a larger work. This is exactly the opposite of a self-contained work, such as a novel, in which a story can build, chapter by chapter. Try to see 2001 as a monumental work, appearing and building before your very eyes with each succeeding issue—and be patient: Jack Kirby is a king of ideas, and the experience will be rewarding, we assure you.

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